

# Oxford Democrat.

No. 21, Vol. 6, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, September 29, 1846.

Old Series, No. 30, Vol. 15.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. CHAMBERS,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms:—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

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THE STORY TELLER.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

## THE WORK-GIRL.

Work!—what extremes in life are suggested by this little monosyllable! What varied interpretations may be placed on this one short word! And how differently it is considered in each circle through which we might trace its universal application, from the light and elegant occupation of affluence, downwards to the toilsome drudgery of necessity! One picture gives us the fair and accomplished daughters of our land seated before their embroidery frames, surrounded by colors as bright as the rainbow's hues—worsted, and silk, and golden threads, scattered in rich profusion, with every accessory to interest and amuse; but before the leaf or the flower, or the cunning device is half copied on the canvass, some anxious parent or careful friend will approach, and in tones of fond entreaty request they will lay it aside, lest the graceful figure should be injured, or the radiant eye made dim by work! And this, again, is the term to designate, the employment that has hollowed the cheek and chilled the life-blood of the weary occupants of many a solitary garret, who, sighing, listen to the midnight chime, and think that even then they cannot lay it by to rest. Such are the extremes. Would that neither boundary were so strongly marked, and that a little habitual self-denial in the one instance, might afford means to lessen the privations of the other!—When Lord Collingwood wrote home, enjoining his wife to inspire his daughters with "a contempt for vanity and embroidery," it might almost be imagined that the gallant admiral had a prophetic glimpse of the expenditure of time and money lavished by the present generation on this fascinating pursuit. But it is the abuse, not the use of any thing which renders it reprehensible; and we may remember it was a saying of the sagacious Dr. Johnson, that many a man might have escaped hanging, had he known how to hem a pocket-handkerchief. Let our fair countrywomen, then, enjoy this recreation as a recreation, not an all-engrossing pursuit; and let us all, both men and women, feel thankful that the needle has provided an antidote against listlessness in one case, and a means of livelihood for another.

A lady was lately making some purchases in the principal shop of a little sea-side village in the south of Ireland. As usual, it was a place where the most incongruous articles were collected, and, accordingly, frequented by purchasers as different as there were varieties in the inhabitants of the village; besides which, on the weekly market-day, it was so crowded from morning till night by an influx of country customers, as to render it a matter of some difficulty to reach the counter. The lady, however, was a person of some importance, and way was made for her as soon as she appeared, while the obsequious shopman threw everything else aside to attend to her commands. They were not very important, and having soon despatched them, she was waiting for the change of a note, when she became aware of a gentle pulling at the back of her dress, two or three times repeated, and so far different from the occasionally rude pressure of the crowd, as at last to attract her attention. She turned, and saw two young girls immediately behind her, both of whom colored deeply as she looked round; one, very small and delicate looking, drew back timidly; but the other, a tall handsome girl, raised her eyes ingeniously, though respectfully to those of the lady, and in gentle accents apologized for the liberty she had taken. "But my sister, ma'am," added she, "is very sick, and her only pleasure is in work; and when she saw the trimming on your dress, she thought it so pretty, that I could not help drawing it a little nearer for her to see."

Before she had concluded the sentence, her companion had again glided forward, her dark eyes glistening, and slipping her hand into that of her courageous defender, added earnestly, "Forgive us both, ma'am." The lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Villars, much struck by the little scene, reassured them speedily with one of her own sweet smiles, and stooping down, unclasped her mantle and showed them, to their heart's content, the dress they had admired so much; then gathering up her little purchase, she returned their energetic gratitude and admiration with another smile and left the shop.

Days passed away, and she saw the sisters no more; but they often returned to her thoughts, and, unless by any similar tie, she would remember with a sigh the strong affection revealed by that little incident. On one moment it had told its own story—of fond protection on the one side, and grateful reliance on the other—as intelligibly as if the parties had been known for years; and she marvelled that, in a class where, from want of mental cultivation, externals must seem so important, such superior personal attractions as one sister enjoyed, should create no tint of vanity or of jealousy to sully their mutual love. But Mrs. Villars reasoned wrong. She had yet to learn that the heart teaches its

own lesson—the most unsophisticated often the warmest: and that true affection is a sunbeam that blinds our eyes to the deficiencies of the beloved ones, while it casts a ray of ten-fold brightness on every excellence they possess.

At last one morning, in an early walk more extended than usual, she came to a cluster of cottages near the shore, at some distance from the village. It was a pleasant, animated scene; and Mrs. Villars stopped to admire the eager groups collected round some boats returned from the night's fishing, and either making bargains for themselves, or congratulating their sons or husbands on their success. As she lingered, a young girl tripped lightly by with a basket on her arm, and even in that passing glance she could not mistake the bright eyes and glowing complexion of her late acquaintance. A look of recognition also beamed from those same eyes. Half hesitatingly she paused for an instant, then with a modest courtesy was passing on, when Mrs. Villars accosted her, and with an inquiry for her sister, joined her on her way.

During their walk, she learned that Ellen and Mary Roache were sisters, their mother long since dead, and their father—Wishah, he was just nothing at all. Mrs. Villars had lived long enough in Ireland to know that the smothered sigh which followed that little hesitating sentence indicated a good natured kind of idler, who smoked tobacco when he could get it, drank whiskey, on the same terms, and was a burthen to his family it was his duty to support. But how eagerly the speaker turned from that unwelcome theme, to dwell on the perfections of her sister Ellen! And as she did so, the varying cheek, the eyes sometimes smiling, sometimes tearful, and the occasionally tremulous tones, spoke in her own favor as eloquently as if Ellen had been there in turn to tell the tale, and more than that we need not say. Ellen was the eldest, though she looked so small; but an early accident had made her lame, and checked her growth; and in those days of suffering she had learned to use her needle with such skill, as to enable her to contribute materially to their livelihood now. "She could never come with me, ma'am, when I went out to play with the other girls, or follow me when I was clambering on the rocks, or picking shells on the shore; but she was always on the watch for me, as a mother looks for her child. I never found her missing from the door when I was coming home; and if, as sometimes happened, I forgot to be back in time, I saw the trouble in her pale cheeks and sad eyes, though she never said a word, so that made me careful not to wander any more. And she taught me to be tidy, ma'am; for I was very wild and careless, and would never have cared about tearing my clothes, only she always took and mended them, without ever noticing it; and she taught me to be gentle, and to curb my hasty spirit, for I saw her suffer pain and sorrow without murmur or complaint; and above all, ma'am, she taught me to hope when my heart was sinking, and the power to bear when sorrow in earnest came."

She stopped short and drew her hand across her eyes; then looking archly into Mrs. Villars' face, who, deeply interested, was quite unprepared for the sudden transition, she added gaily—"Here I am all the time praising myself—tidy, gentle, and strong-hearted! Oh, lady, they are all but feathers from the sweet dove's wing!" As they spoke they approached a whitewashed cottage, poor, but neater than is usually seen. In the place of the dung-hill there was a narrow little strip of garden, paved off from the road, filled with gay flowers glowing brightly in the morning sun; and at the door, as Mary had just been telling was Ellen, looking out for her with the watchful habit of their early days. A few quick steps forward, a whispered word from Mary, and Ellen turned to the lady with a pleased smile of recognition, and invited her in to rest. She gladly accepted the invitation, and soon found herself seated in the clean, and tidy, though poorly furnished dwelling. The only articles of superior comfort were a small work-table, placed near the window, and beside it a sort of easy-chair, made of straw, both evidently adapted to the occupation and infirmity of poor Ellen. Oh yes, we had nearly forgotten, the room was not quite unadorned either; for over the fireplace was arranged a large piece of coral, and some foreign shells, and near the window hung a cage in which was a bird with brilliant plumage, all telling plainly of some friend over the sea.

Mrs. Villars had at this time the good fortune to escape an interview with the good-for-nothing father, and had the pleasure of talking without interruption, to the two young girls, so different, and yet so united. This interview was succeeded by many others. Ellen was supplied with as much work as she could accomplish; and Mary, who under her instructions, had also become a very expert at the needle, would hasten with double diligence through her more active employments, that she might gain some time to share in the occupation of her sister. And sweet it was to see those two young creatures, seated with busy fingers at their work on the quiet summer's eve: Ellen earnestly dwelling on some instructive lesson, while, with referential gentleness, Mary would raise her loving eyes now and then, in silent assurance that the words were going home to her heart; or, in turn, those eyes would sparkle gaily, and a happy smile would brighten Ellen's graver face as she listened to some passing jest or merry narrative from her light-hearted Mary. But were they thus alone? We reckon the father as nothing; for, with his hands in his pockets, he lounged in the sunshine while sunshine lasted, and then took his supper, and went off early to bed. He had his cottage, and a little plot of ground rent free

for his own life, and caring only for himself, considered any exertion for a future provision, quite superfluous. Even so: the girls had another companion who would often, as Ellen would say, come in 'to idle them' in the evening: sometimes to make them laugh and talk—sometimes to read while they worked—and, often still, when the sun was sinking low, and the evening waves curling gently to the shore, to coax them to 'lay aside their stitchery,' and saunter with him for half an hour along the cliffs. Notwithstanding the difference in their station, Mrs. Villars was soon regarded as a friend by those two motherless girls, and each meeting increased the interest she felt in them. She had given them employment and encouragement, and, more welcome still, had on more than one occasion given them affectionate sympathy and advice; but still she observed that at times some cloud was hanging over them, heavier even than poverty, and she determined not to conclude her visit to the sea-side without, if possible, winning their entire confidence, and making some effort for their happiness.

One morning Ellen was alone in the cottage, when Mrs. Villars entered with a small parcel in her hand, and asked her gaily, "Well, Ellen, would you like to make your fortune at once?" Ellen returned her smile with one as gay; but clasping her hands tightly, while her delicate figure trembled with emotion, she answered earnestly, "Would I wish to make my fortune? Oh, lady, I would give all the work these poor hands can ever do while life is spared me, to make a fortune of ten guineas before another month passes by!" Then burying her quivering features in her hands, she sank back into the little chair from which she had risen, and burst into tears. Mrs. Villars, amazed at an agitation so unlike the usual placid and collected demeanor of Ellen, sat down beside her, and sought to comfort and calm her with tones even kinder than her words. For a while all would not do; but at last Ellen raised her head, hurriedly wiped away her tears, and putting back her hair with still trembling hands, in faltering accents confidence with the effort, she related, even as friend would to tell friend, the sorrow that was weighing on her heart.

She told what a young and helpless creature Mary was when they were left even worse than orphans; how she, older by a few years, was still older from suffering, and much inward thought; and how, from that hour, she had taken the little darling to her heart, and resolved to fill a mother's place to her through life. Then she told how the task was more difficult, because her beauty won indulgence from every one, and how she feared to lose her love in the cheeks she found it needful to impose. "But there was a deep mine of truth and sense in that seemingly thoughtless nature; and even in childish anger, she never forgot that I was her best and truest friend—even her chief care was not to grieve me; and you know ma'am, how she loves me now," said Ellen, looking up with a glow of intense feeling; and reading her answer in the lady's eyes she dropped her own as she softly murmured, "Yes, even as I love her!"

There was a moment's pause; and then in lighter tones Ellen went on to say that even such love, perfect as it was, could not entirely satisfy a heart like Mary's; that she always knew the time must come when she should be contented with a sister's place; and instead of regret felt proud and happy when she found that Mary's heart was gained by one who had loved her almost from childhood—the most dutiful son, the best conducted and most industrious boy in the place. "I rejoiced in their happiness, and I encouraged it," continued she, "little dreaming that I was building it on the very sand. Garret Mahony was a sailor, and been more than once abroad; but his father was grown old and infirm, and as he had the last of many children, he made him promise never to leave him again. So he had a good deal of idle time, except when out fishing, and those leisure hours were mostly spent in the company he loved best, while I, proud of my own sweet Mary, and seeing no one in the world to compare with her, never for one moment dreamed that any one could look on her with other eyes. One evening Garret came in, and at the first glance I saw something was the matter. Happily Mary was out; gone to carry home some work; and I was able to bear the first wild burst of sorrow alone. But there was anger too, as well as sorrow; and though I had to bid my heart be still that I might quiet his, yet it was the bitterest hour of my life."

"He told me that his father that morning had questioned him as to all the time he had lately spent here, and that, glad of the opening, he had at once avowed his love for Mary, and tried to speak of her as she well deserved; that his father had listened quietly until he was done, and after he was done, and then at last asked what she had, along with what she was? This was a question that never had occurred to Garret; but he well knew there could be but one answer, and so he told his father, adding, that Mary was more precious than money or land. But the old man smiled, as some will do when they think young hearts have spoken in their folly, and he told his son the time would come when he would see with different eyes. Garret grew impatient, and was answering warmly, when his father silenced him, and in a voice of command, desired him to attend. He was a proud and stern man, dear lady, old Maurice Mahony, and with a name for sense that has given him power over all that come within his shadow, so no wonder that his son listened with respect, though his heart was rebelling at every word. The father went on to say that he never

knew any good come of marrying a girl that could bring nothing but herself, unless she met one as badly off, and then they might pull on together; but as long as the husband had any income, the wife that never knew the value of money, of her own would think there was no end to his, and would soon grow discontented and her wishes were refused. Then would come extravagance, then anger, then bitterness, then want; and no knowing how many more evils he would have added, only Garret's countenance showed he could bear no further. He changed then so far as to say that this was not out of covetousness, for the day Garret married to please him, he would give him up his share in the hooker, and that was worth twenty guineas; but that he expected his wife would bring at least as much again; and unless she did, they never should have his consent or blessing.

Garret was cut to the heart. There was a show of reason in his father's words; but it was calculating, heartless reason; so, without pretending to answer it, he tried to touch his feelings; but all in vain. The old man was not to be shaken; and at last poor Garret, as he himself confessed, lost patience, temper, respect itself; and, in words which no child should have spoken, no parent could forgive, reproached his father with cruelty and covetousness, withdrew his promise of never leaving him, vowed to go to sea again, and, sink or swim, never return till he could bring home an independence for himself and Mary. Oh, lady, these words are few and cold to convey the feelings that were poured like a torrent from his heart! All were mixed and struggling together—anger, disappointment, self-reproach, love for Mary, duty to his father; each feeling so true, and yet so opposing, my very heart bled for him, for her—for all. But before I could well picture the consequences, in came Mary herself, her sweet face glowing from her walk, and from pleasure at being home with me again. One glance, and Garret buried his face in his folded arms on the table; the smile, and the color fled from Mary's cheek, and without even a look at me, she sprang forward, and grasping his shoulder, asked wildly what was the matter. I had thought to break this reverse to her myself, to spare him the telling, and her hearing it from him; but, as I said, she came back before a plan was formed, and now there could be no disguise, his look had prepared her for the worst, and I saw by her terrified countenance that even the truth would be a relief.

"And so he told it all again; but this time, oh, how different! The presence of her he loved, came like sweet dew upon his heart, and melted away all the fierce and stormy feelings which had made me doubly grieved. With touching, yet manly sorrow and repentance, he related his disappointment and his fault, and he told it to one whose generous nature fully felt his confidence, and lost the first sharp sting of grief in sympathy for the estrangement between the father and the son. She wept, without doubt, long and sadly; but her face was turned away, and she listened, without interrupting, from beginning to end. Then, when all was over, she raised her head; her face was very pale, and her lip trembled; but there was a light in her eyes, and a steadfast look, that made me remember the high, proud spirit of her childish days, and tremble for the words she was about to speak. I wringed her in that passing fear, even I that should have known her well. It was no pride, but a holy resolution that was shining in that earnest look. She laid her hand affectionately upon Garret's arm, and in a very calm, low tone, asked him, 'Did the old man say anything against you, Garret—myself?' He gave her a look of surprise, almost of reproach, as he exclaimed, 'Oh, Mary!' It was enough. A faint smile rested on her lip as her heart told her Garret felt such a thought impossible; and, after a moment's pause, she continued, 'Then, Garret, our first thought must be of him. Go to him at once, and gain his pardon for that dire-pest, and comfort his heart, even as you did mine, by the goodness of sorrow. You will feel nothing but misery till you have his forgiveness; and think how he must be grieving now! Then, for the future, we are both very young, and I may well wait, with trust in God and in each other, for the changes time may bring. Your father made no objection to me except for poverty, and as that is no real fault, who knows but he may change his mind?' Garret shook his head dependently as he answered, 'Ah, Mary, you little know him; but I'll go at once and ask his forgiveness; for, as you truly say, I cannot have rest or peace until I do so. But as to remaining idle any longer at home, when gold is to be made, and happiness depends upon it, it is out of the question, Mary. You must not ask me to do that.'

"But indeed I do, Garret; that is what I ask of you. You gave a promise to your old father, and you must not leave him. God always grants the promise to the dutiful son; and would I be the one to tempt you to disobedience, and so to forfeit his curse! No, Garret, it surely is not as that wish for money; all we want is your father's consent; and that would be farther off than even if you were to desert him, and make him look on me as the cause."

Garret still remonstrated; but Mary's simple faith and sense of duty finally conquered so far, as to gain his promise to wait one year; and then he declared impetuously that it was his father's time had not changed his mind, he would no longer yield to his unreasonable whims. Satisfied with averting the present evil, Mary urged him no farther than; but hurried him away, not to lose a moment in becoming reconciled to his father. Then, worn out with her

long effort at composure, my poor girl threw herself into my arms, and wept without restraint her long-repressed and bitter tears. But Mary's heart is like an April day—sunshine over following the showers; and after a while she raised her head, and with a cheerfulness that took me by surprise, exclaimed, 'Well, Ellen, at any rate we shall not be parted: life will glide along the same as ever; and with hope to gladden, the sense of doing right to bear us up, I think we ought to be even happier than before we were tried. And now from this time out,' added she, 'with increasing liveliness, 'I must be very careful, steady, and diligent, and so win a good character for old Maurice, as I have no money to buy one;' then sitting down to work with an air of diligence. 'Now, Ellen, you'll have to bear witness in my favor; so here's to begin!'

Ellen then told how, in the evening, Garret returned; but though his heart was evidently lightened by his father's forgiveness, still it was also very plain that he had not recovered his own disappointment. His impetuous, active nature found waiting and submission a hard trial; and it required a double exertion of fortitude on Mary's part to make him hope against hope. It was also evident that no change had been wrought in old Maurice's determination: so, convinced that matters could not long continue in this state, Ellen inwardly determined to make an effort to bring about some understanding. And an effort indeed it was for her. Naturally timid, and rendered still more difficult by her infirmity and secluded life, nothing but the power of an affection which was the first object of her existence, a love stronger than death, could have induced her to take the step she now meditated. This was to obtain an interview herself with old Maurice, and with her own lips plead the cause so dear to her heart. She knew him, as she had said, by report to be a hard and stern man; but she had also heard too, of his having, in early life, loved his wife to idolatry, and cherishing her memory with a constancy that would never allow him to replace her; this, combined with his genuine love for Garret, inspired her with the hope that his feelings might be touched by her appeal; and she resolved on making an attempt to convince him that arithmetic was not the only rule for measuring human hearts.

We need not enlarge upon this interview. Enough to say, that though at first causing some surprise, she was received with civility and kindness, which gave her courage and even hope; and though she found it impossible to remove an opinion which had become a fixed idea in old Maurice's mind, still, conquered by her earnestness, he modified it so far as to promise that if, at the end of the year, Mary could bring him half the sum originally demanded—namely, ten guineas, and this fairly earned by their united industry—he would be proud and happy to welcome her as his daughter. In the meantime, he also required a promise from Ellen to keep both this meeting and agreement a secret from every creature except Mary herself.

"From Garret!" asked Ellen pleadingly. "Yes, from Garret especially," said the old man. "Can Mary be depended on to oblige me in this?"

"You shall see," answered Ellen proudly. Old Maurice smiled; and ratifying the treaty by a shake of the hand, they parted mutually pleased. Since then, long months had passed away, and yet not so very long, for hope and constant industry had made the time seem short; and if Garret would sometimes without these aids, wax impatient, a gentle word from Ellen, reminding him of his promise, would induce him to keep it with a good grace. He would good-humoredly say, 'you are our pilot, Ellen, and in such hands it would be hard indeed if we refused to answer the helm.' While Mary, assenting with beaming eyes, would thank to herself, 'Ah! if he knew but all!'

But now the time was drawing very near. The 'Sarah Jane,' the vessel in which Garret was to have taken a berth last year, was to sail again in another month; and more than once of late he had mentioned this in a way that plainly showed his mind was dwelling on the voyage. The two girls worked harder, more reverently than ever; but they lived in a remote place, and, until Mrs. Villars' kindness had provided them with employment, their task had been precarious and remuneration small; so that when, on that very morning, after a painful interview with Garret, the sisters reached over their little board, they found it scarcely amounting to two-thirds of the requisite sum, and Ellen sadly acknowledged that from former experience, she was convinced it was useless to expect any further concession from old Maurice.

In this desperate mood she was found, as we have related, by Mrs. Villars, who listened to her with sympathy. When all was told she spoke a few words of comfort and encouragement, especially of the great use of mind to fortify and exalt the mind; and dwell upon those lofty traits in Maurice's character, which had been described, and which might have withered away under too slight a sun. Then, opening the little parcel she still held, she unfolded a large square of lace, and lay it on a pattern before Ellen, said, 'Do you think, Ellen, you look could work this into a veil, and have it ready by the day month? It is for a young friend to wear at her wedding, and you shall have five guineas if you do it well.' She tried in vain to speak, then finding utterance, poured forth her thanks, and hoped with a rapidly almost unutterable. 'Five guineas! oh, dearest lady, what would we not attempt for that! Five guineas—why, it has taken nearly a long year to put so much lace together,



had now it will seem but a day to earn the rest; and then you will at last be happy, my own Mary—happier and better for all your trouble. Oh, my dear, I fear not but we will accomplish it; and night and day we will work until it is done. And night and day they worked, Mary at the plainer part, Ellen at the delicate stitches; while with admiration and renewed hope they contemplated each morning the progress they had made. At first, Ellen thought to have given Mary the pleasure of a surprise, and, until it was done, to keep the amount of their reward a secret; but they had too long been accustomed to sharing every thought, to practice any concealment now; and one day remarking in an unusually rapid progress, the whole truth burst in from her lips.

To describe Mary's delight and astonishment is impossible. More busily she could not work, and for a while her trembling fingers refused to work at all; but day after day the sweet hope strengthened, and at last the appointed morning came, and found their task all but completed. It was, however, a day of unusual interruptions, and Ellen had each hour fresh cause to advance the improvement in Mary's temper, as, without an impatient word, she would lay aside her work and attend to every demand. But evening still found them at their unflinching task, and Mrs. Villars required it that night at the very latest. Just as they were busily employed, in came Garret with his usual request for an evening walk, and, half affronted when refused, he said reproachfully, 'I believe there is some charm in that cobweb, for you never will put it by.' Here I have tried in vain to get you for an entire month. I will begin to think at last, Mary, that you take no pleasure in my company.

Mary's quick feelings rose at this undesired reproach, and, with somewhat of her old spirit, she was about to retort; but remembering all their past sorrow, all her present hope, she paused and answered gently, 'To prove the contrary, Garret, I condemn you never to leave me till this cobweb, as you call it, is fairly spun; and then—' She stopped short with a gasp, at having so nearly betrayed her secret; but her look was so eloquent of love and hope, that Garret started from his chair, and bending over her, inquired in hurried tones, 'What then?—dearest Mary, what then?'

She threw back her head merrily as she looked up into his face: and though she tried to compose her features, a thousand dimples contradicted the demure accent with which she continued, 'And then you may come with us when we take it home.' Both Ellen and Garret laughed at this anti-climax: Ellen especially, well knowing what was in the glad girl's heart, and amused besides, at Garret's somewhat puzzled countenance. But that soon brightened again under the happy influence; and, without seeking the reason why, he found himself chattering away with a lighter heart than he had felt for many months.

The moon arose; but as that fair light has business of its own, our workmen received it for a future hour, and sent Garret for the more terrestrial assistance of a pair of candles, to put the few concluding stitches to their work. At length behold it finished! Ellen resigned the last two or three stitches to her sister, that by her hands it should be completed; and, holding it up with an exclamation of triumph, poor Mary gazed joyfully at it for an instant, then flinging her arms round Ellen's neck, burst into tears. Garret looked on wonderingly, and made some efforts at consolation so wide of the mark, that Mary's weeping was at once changed into laughter, until her bright eyes overflowed again. Ellen at last, remembering that the best of men may sometimes grow impatient, and unwilling to try Garret too far, laid her hand on his arm, and said, 'This is a bridal veil, Garret, and Mary and I have worked hard day and night to have it ready; it is to be worn by a fair and happy bride, while we—'

Garret required no further explanation of Mary's tears and excitement; and shaking off Ellen's hand with an upbraiding glance, as if he thought her for once in her life unfeeling, he answered warmly, 'And if she is ever so fair and happy, she cannot be happier than my own sweet Mary, or more deserving of the happiest lot.' Then, before she had time to answer, he seized the veil, and playfully throwing it over Mary's glossy hair, he added, 'Now tell me, Ellen, will there ever be a fairer bride than that?'

But he was answered by a loud cry from Ellen. In passing, the veil had touched the flame of the candle, and in an instant the delicate covering was in a blaze. Quick as thought, she tore it from that beloved head: the next moment it lay in scorched and worthless fragments on the floor. To describe their consternation, their revulsion of feeling, is impossible. The present calamity was so overpowering, that for the minute it swallowed up all thought of remoter consequences, and—pale, speechless and agitated—they gazed in silence first at one another, then at the fragile object on which their hopes had so lately rested. At last, Mary, pale as death, and almost as cold, laid her arm on her sister's neck, and in a low sad tone murmured, 'You see, Ellen, it is not to be! These words, uttered so despondently, and Ellen's piteous tears, revealed to Garret somewhat of the truth; and though he could not guess the full extent of the misfortune, still he became at once aware that, in a moment's heedlessness, he had destroyed some plan essential to the happiness of all, and his self-accusation almost amounted to despair.

It was morning once more, the sun shone out as brightly as if it had only to awaken light and happy hearts, and the Sisters had again begun, and again were busy with their daily work. With the poor there can be no useless indulgence of regret, and the labor of one hour often conquers the sorrow of the preceding, but we cannot wonder at the languor that now hung over Mary's usually active movements, or blame the large tear would escape from her long, dark eye-lashes as a gentle sign from Ellen now and then caught her ear. Otherwise, they were quite silent; they had exhausted the language of sorrow, and it was not at once the foundations of hope could be laid again. Still, both were occupied with their different employments when a footstep approached, and looking round, Mary saw old Maurice Mahony standing in the doorway. Starting at the sight of an old man, she had just been

thought was of Garret—that some harm had befallen him, and trembling violently, she found herself unable to ask; but Ellen, with more self-possession, wished him 'Good morning,' kindly. 'Always busy, I see,' the tones of his voice at once reassured poor Mary, and awakened, she scarcely knew why, some indefinite feeling of hope.

He had not addressed her, but he now held out his hand, and drew her to a chair, beside which he seated himself. Ellen laid by her work, and there was a momentary pause of stillness and expectation. Maurice was a remarkable looking man. His hair, almost snow white, combed back into smooth, old-fashioned curls, and his clothes, cut according to the fashion of a former generation, would have given him the appearance of great age, had it not been contradicted by his fresh complexion and still elastic step. His tall figure, scarcely stooped until his recent illness, and his firm well-shaped mouth, and sagacious eyes and forehead, betokened an intellect still retaining all the vigor of its prime. He sat, as we have said, for a moment in silence, looking at the two anxious girls. At last he spoke, and still retaining Mary's hand, related how Garret had returned home last night in a state little short of distraction; his heart so entirely full of one subject, that though it had never been renewed between them since the first painful day—under the influence of strong excitement the interval seemed as nothing—the long smothered feeling burst forth, and he told him all that had occurred.

'It was very late,' continued the old man, 'but I could not go to rest till he came in, for I had felt all the evening more lonely than usual. The fire burnt low as I sat before it in thought; and fancy brought back again I had laid low years ago in her narrow grave, and the children that had followed her; and I could see them all again smiling and chattering round the hearth, as they used to in those old hours. At last, from being very sorrowful these memories grew pleasant, and a dawning of the future seemed to gain upon the shadows of the past. I began to think: for the heart, added the old man solemnly, 'is often prepared within itself for the way it ought to act: I began to ask myself why there were not smiling faces round my hearth again, and why my best and only one was at that moment under the roof of a stranger—his thoughts full of bitterness against the old father that loved him all the time better than the veins of his heart—'Oh, no, no,' interrupted Mary softly. 'Old Maurice sighed as he continued—'If it was so, Mary, I had to blame myself. It was shown me then that I had been too positive and unbending; and Ellen's words, and all her loving arguments, came back fresher to my mind than the day I heard them. I was not so hardened as you thought me that day, Ellen, added he turning to her; 'but I thought a little trial would do the young people no harm; for I knew their hearts were in the right place, only they wanted ballast. But it is not good for short-sighted mortals to take the province of the Most High. When he afflicts, He sees and knows all things. We may often do mischief though intending good, when inflicting needless trial on the hearts of those that love us; and so Mary, achieve, even before Garret came in, I had resolved on my future course, and waiting to tell him so before I slept that night; but when he did come, and all was told—all the mischief he had done, and the sweet patient way you bore it—I thought the night too long till I could come and relieve my own heart and yours.'

'And now, Ellen,' continued he, 'how far were you able to fulfil your promise? for that you both did your best, I have no more doubt than that the sun is shining on us now. I have often noticed you hard at work when you little thought I was passing, but alone the good report from every one that ever names you. And there was a promise too, Ellen, that you made for another,' added the old man with a smile; and Mary, ashore, you kept it well, as I saw by Garret last night; and though he'll hardly thank me for teaching you to keep a secret from him, he'll feel it makes you the worthier of his trust in time to come. Is this the money? asked he, as he took the little box containing their united earnings from Ellen's hand, and poured out the precious hoard upon the table—half crosses shillings, sixpences, even half-pence—all as they had been received and deposited there, and a tear glistened in the old man's eyes as he reckoned over those tokens of affection and persevering industry. 'The sum amounted in all to little more than seven pounds; and when the total was announced, Ellen shook her head as she remarked, 'It would have been too little after all!'

'It is enough,' answered Maurice quietly; and selecting from among the coins a crooked sixpence, which pierced with a little hole, had once probably been a true-love token, he added, 'I will keep this for a lucky penny while I live; after that, Mary, it shall be yours in memory of this day. That is our share. The rest, dear Ellen—for your sake only I wish it had been more—but such as it is, keep it till you meet with some old man as unreasonable as myself.' Ellen remonstrated, but in vain. Old Maurice made it a condition; and as Mary took his side, too to one carried the day. Then, in compassion to Garret's impatience, he left them, as he said, to have his place better filled.

With what different feelings did the little group again pursue their way to the residence of Mrs. Villars. Forgetful of her own disappointment, she had listened with kind and womanly sympathy to their sorrowful communication the night before, and now they hastened to tell her of their joy, and to ask whether the time could possibly allow them to repair the accident by working another. 'All for love, dear lady, this time you must not think of offering us any money now! But Mrs. Villars had taken measures to supply their loss, and as her best apology for the delay, had transmitted to her young friend the burnt fragments of the veil as an evidence of the beauty of the work, and of the accident which destroyed it. In relating the circumstances, she added the hope that, as in Ireland a conflagration was considered an auspicious omen to a bride, good fortune might attend those who in a tenfold proportion to the sorrow they had caused, and the young English girl, as she sat at the augury, sent a thought across the wa-

ters from her own happy home and determined not to enjoy the prosperous influence alone. She laid the open parcel on the table, and told its story in a way that went home to the hearts of her auditors. Had she been covetous, she might have made Mary Rosche the richest of her name; but, guided by judgment as well as feeling, she contented herself with accepting a trifling gift from each, and so realized a sum which, though moderate in her eyes, far more than compensated for the labor they had lost. It was forwarded to Mrs. Villars, who divided it equally between the surprised and grateful girls; and it would have been more than human nature, had they not felt some little pleasure in the consciousness that Mary was not a portionless bride after all.

She and Garret never forgot their lessons of perseverance and patience acquired in that year of probation. They had truly learned them by heart, and such experience is seldom obliterated; and Ellen, happiest in the happiness of others—the dearest object of her heart attained—still felt that she had a duty to perform. She devoted herself more entirely to her father, and, in studying his wishes, endeavored gradually to improve them; and she was rewarded. Drawn to each other by the absence of their mutual companion, he seemed each day more conscious of her excellence. Stimulated by the example of her cheerfulness and industry, he began to feel ashamed of his own listless indolence; and by degrees shaking off the influence of habit, he became an altered man. The 'Work-girl's' cup of joy was full.

#### THE MORMONS.

By the last advices from St. Louis (Sept. 14.) it appears that articles drawn up for a compromise and settlement of the Mormon difficulties, which articles provided for the removal of the Mormons from Nauvoo within sixty days, had been rejected by their opponents, whereupon Gen. Singleton, commander of the anti-Mormons, who was in favor of the compromise, resigned his commission. A battle was expected, and the *Ocean Wave* reported at St. Louis on the 13th, that a messenger arrived at Warsaw just as she left, who stated that a battle had taken place about 3 o'clock that afternoon near Nauvoo, which lasted two hours, and in which from ten to fifteen were killed and wounded.

The particulars, so far as could be ascertained, are, that on Friday, the Nauvooites hearing that the Anti-Mormons were on the march to their city, marched out the number of from three to five hundred, and posted themselves at the distance of about one mile east of the Temple, having an open plain in front, and an extensive cornfield in the rear, their line being formed near and parallel with the fence. Here they awaited the approach of the Anties, who arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, said to be eight hundred in number, with five or six pieces of cannon. The latter were posted on an eminence, and opened their fire on the Mormons, but at too great a distance to be effective. Soon after, the action was continued with small arms, and lasted until five o'clock, when the Anties either retreated or withdrew. Their loss is stated to be from eight to fifteen killed, but that is uncertain, and the Nauvooites had one man killed and two wounded; the latter had no cannon. It was expected that the battle would be resumed the same evening, or on the following morning.

LATER.—At noon, Saturday, 12th, the Mormons fired two 6 pound shot into the Anties' camp, upon which the latter sent out a flag of truce, with a request to have another 'talk'; but the citizens of Nauvoo returned answer that they were done talking with them, and that hereafter they should fight until others desired a peace. The action now commenced from the artillery on both sides—over eighty discharges of cannon were heard from both parties during the course of an hour and a half. They now closed in and commenced discharges of musketry at each other. A movement was then made by the Anties to outflank the Nauvoo right, and pass their breastwork, which was here defended by the *Spartan Band* of Mormons, with 'sixteen chamber mules,' the latter drew out from their breastwork to repel the advancing force, and succeeded in beating them back. During this skirmish on the right, a man named Anderson, the leader of the Mormon Spartans, fell, shot through the lungs by a rifle ball, and almost instantly expired. About the same moment, his son, a boy of about fifteen years of age, who was engaged in another portion of the ranks, was struck by a six pound shot on the right shoulder, and his body made a crushed mass of bones, the whole breast being torn to pieces. Another Mormon was struck during this part of the fight with a cannon shot, and killed instantly. His name was Norris, a blacksmith. The fight continued for two hours and a half, and every attempt the Anties made to pass the position of the Nauvooites, they were successively beaten back, until at length they were forced to retire to their camp, leaving the field in possession of the new citizens and Mormons.

During the progress of the fight an invalid Mormon was posted upon the top of the Temple, with glass in hand, watching its progress, and the wives of the citizens, with their children, were gathered at the base of the building, with upturned eyes and painfully anxious faces listening to his report of the battle; which, from time to time, he related to them from above. Our informant says that he heard many of these poor mothers declare that they would perish in the streets of Nauvoo, defending it against this mob, if it should drive their husbands in from the field where they are posted.

The number of killed on the part of the Anti-Mormon force is unknown. At Carthage they only acknowledge to be six badly wounded—Capt. Smith, one of the number, mortally. Every preparation was making on both sides for another battle.

'Whatever may have been his purpose,' says a *Wing paper*, *Huaret John Davis* was right in killing time.

He that will have no trouble in the world must not be born in it.

He is an ill man that never drinks to his

Further from Mexico.—The New Orleans Picayune of the 15th inst. says that Lieut. Hunter, of the navy, took passage in the Princeton at Pensacola, on the 12th inst., bound for Chagres, with despatches to the correspondent of the Picayune, the purport of these despatches is to countermand those recently sent forward from New York by Commodore Nicholson, of the Vixen.

Gen. Santa Anna is said to have arrived at the city of Mexico, but he had not entered ostensibly upon the discharge of the functions of president. General Salas still remained at the head of affairs, surrounded by the following cabinet:—Gen. Almonte, minister of war. Senor Rejon, minister of foreign affairs. Senor Gomez Farias, of finance. Senor Pacheco, of justice and public instruction.

The federal congress has been summoned for the 1st of December. The plan has been suggested by the Mexicans of exchanging Commander Carpenter, of the Truxton, for Gen. La Vega.

From the Camps and from Mexico.—Since our last paper despatches have been received from the camps of Generals Taylor and Wool. They confirm, substantially, the account which we have published from the New Orleans papers. Gen. Taylor was on the eve of marching for Monterey. Gen. Wool was receiving arms, ammunition and recruits, and was preparing for an immediate march to Chihuahua. Thus three camps are in motion, and we expect to hear of decisive and successful results from all at no distant day. It is supposed that in thirty days, or sooner, Gen. Taylor will be in possession of Monterey and perhaps of Sdillo. Gen. Wool, of the army of the centre, will be at Chihuahua, and Col. Kearney will be at Santa Fe. The meshes are apparently drawing closer around the Mexicans; and three important posts and sections of country will be in our hands, besides the ports which we may have taken in California.—*Texasian*.

The Princeton sailed from Pensacola on the evening of the 13th, for Chagres, with Lt. Lee, bearer of despatches to the Pacific squadron.—The Princeton had been only two days in port. Commodore Perry, who sailed from New York in the Spitfire on the 22nd ult., reached Vera Cruz on the 6th inst. The Spitfire was met by the Princeton, as she was leaving the harbor.—The Princeton is sent off thus suddenly, that her despatches may reach the squadron before those sent by the Spitfire shall be acted on.

Mr. Webster said there was 'an odor of liberty' in the whig convention in Faneuil Hall which he loved to inhale. He is the same gentleman who discovered the 'odor of nationality' about the notes of the United States Bank.—Speaking of odor, a whig tells us that that of the J. P. Hale meeting was 30 per cent. stronger than that in the convention.—[Boston Post.

Wanting workmen back again.—The proprietors of the cotton mill in Schuylerville, N. Y., who reduced the wages of their hands a week or two since twenty-five per cent., are now, says the Schuylerville Herald, and have been for some days, endeavoring to induce them to return to their work, at the old wages; but they are too late, as most of them are engaged to work in other mills.

Mr. TAYLOR.—This celebrated pedestrian is not 'thousand' He has been engaged to walk one thousand quarters of a mile, in one thousand successive quarters of an hour, in New York.—We consider this feat far more difficult of accomplishment than the one which he recently performed at the Caledonia Springs, and if accomplished, it will place Mr. Taton above all the pedestrians of the present age.—[Hamilton Spectator.

PLINY OF TEA.—Eight millions, nine hundred and twenty-two thousand, eight hundred and thirty-four pounds of tea, were exported from China to the United States the last half of the year 1845.

SUGAR FOR THE TEA.—It has been computed that in 1844 there was produced in all parts of the world, seven hundred and seventy-eight thousand tons of sugar. Two hundred thousand of these were produced by Cuba alone. The United States produce about one hundred thousand tons, which is about two-thirds of its consumption. The balance is brought in from other countries.

IRON SHINGLES.—Wm. Beach, of Troy, has invented and patented a mode of using cast iron plates for covering roofs. They are about one foot square, and are made to fit one into another, so as to render the roof water tight by applying white lead to the joints. It can be affixed at 16 cts. the square foot, and comes at about half the cost of copper. They weigh 3 1/2 lbs. a square foot. Slate costs 8 cents per square foot.

MORMON ENLIGHTEN.—'Alec, my boy, please tell me who among the sick should receive our warmest sympathy?'

'I don't know who should, but I know who does. Those sick with the small pox are universally the most pitied.'

'Who make the best soldiers?'

'Printers. Because they are familiar with the "shooting-stick."

'Who make the best farmers in this State?'

'Sea Captains. Because they are used to plowing the main.'

'Who are generally considered the most intelligent mechanics?'

'Presidents.'

'They are not mechanics.'

'Yes they be. They're Cabinet-makers.'

The admission receipts of the three days horticultural exhibition in Philadelphia were \$2,605.

He that waits for dead men's shoes may go long enough barefoot.

He that makes himself a sheep shall be eaten by the wolves.

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 29, 1846.

#### THE ELECTION.

Below will be found the return of votes for Governor or as far as received in this county, and a recapitulation of the vote in other counties. In this county, it will be seen, Mr. Dana leads Mr. Bronson 2356 votes, all others, 1561. In the State his plurality over Bronson is 5331, but the Abolition and Scattering vote prevents a majority by 4,088 votes. The returns to come in will reduce this to probably not much over 3000.

We have elected 8 Senators, and the Whigs 3.—The election of an Abolition-Whig in York is contradicted. Thus far 36 Democrats have been elected to the House, and 40 Whigs.

	Dana.	Bronson.	Scat.
24 towns in our list.	2803	1131	403
Bethel,	101	42	47
Canton,	96	52	
Franklin Plantation,	33	6	
Hiram,	128	44	11
Hanover,	22	18	
Livermore,	67	154	71
Mexico,	92	11	
No. 5, R. 1 & 2,	92	2	
Oxford,	139	40	5
	3537	1389	605

#### RECAPITULATION.

	Dana.	Bronson.	Scat.
Oxford, 43 towns,	3567	1239	605
York, 25 towns,	2640	2815	709
Cumberland, 21 towns,	5305	4063	1211
Lincoln, 26 towns,	4653	4103	719
Hancock, 26 towns,	1811	1325	258
Washington, 42 towns,	2194	1873	322
Kennebec, 35 towns,	2243	4504	1205
Somerset, 24 towns,	1725	1996	853
Pembscot, 24 towns,	3320	2333	1491
Waldo, 24 towns,	3182	1512	707
Piscataquis, 20 towns,	665	805	530
Franklin, 17 towns,	1085	831	712
Aroostook, 16 towns,	513	265	31
	381	3123	2882
			9502

#### "THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS."

The following scorching rebuke is from the Bangor Democrat. It is as applicable to Oxford County, perhaps, as to Penobscot. At all events we copy it for the especial benefit of a few individuals we have in our mind's eye.

"The End justifies the Means." "False and dangerous as this principle is both in politics and morals, yet with our managing political opponents it is a received aphorism; and a practical idea. All their aspirations are for power and political control, but between them and the great object of their pursuit stand the democracy of numbers and of principle. The means used to overcome this obstacle and attain their end are such as might be expected from those who have embraced the doctrine of our text. Every thing is made subservient to the grand design; conscientious scruples are set aside—questions of principles are made of no account—falsehood is upheld as truth—the pulpit is desecrated—the forum disgraced—the press prostituted—moral and benevolent enterprises perverted—the base passions excited—personal and sectional jealousies fomented—all to prostrate the democratic party and to transfer political power to other hands.

"Every thing is fair in politics" is a ruling principle with our leading and managing political opponents. They can therefore talk religion to the religious, and bandy idle jests with the profane—oppose democrats because they are not sufficiently moral and pious, and vote for men of their own party regardless of their morals and piety—they can preach temperance to the temperate and advance liberal ideas to the drunkard—denounce democratic candidates as enemies of temperance, and vote for the candidates of their own party regardless of their temperance principles—they can raise a cry and petition the Legislature for a law prohibiting the sale of liquor under the penalty of heavy fine and imprisonment, make speeches and vote for such a law, and then call on those who do not approve this kind of legislation to vote against the party in power when the law was made.

All this is done upon the principle that every thing is fair in politics—the end justifies the means. So our opponents could introduce into Congress a resolution for annexing Texas to the Union, vote for the measure, support a candidate for President in favor of it, and when the act was consummated denounce it as wrong, unjustifiable, and wicked, for the sole purpose of deriving some party advantage from it. The same in regard to the Mexican war. The opponents of the administration voted in Congress for the war, and directly politicians of the same order raised a clamor against it—it was a war for slavery—those who supported it at the North were dough-faces, subservient to the South, etc.—purely effed being their only object.

The Democrat who would not lose sight of our political opponents in these days must not withdraw his eyes from their one moment, for their windings, twistings, deceptions and hypocrisies to obtain political control are truly unparalleled."

#### LOOK TO THE HOUSE.

Let our friends now look to the House. At future trials for Representatives let there be UNION and ACTIVITY, and all will be well. There is nothing discouraging—the Democrats are far ahead of the Whigs in the Governor vote—they have elected the most members in both branches of the Legislature, and it is within their power to keep ahead in the election of Representatives.

In Pateran's Island there was a land slide on the 11th of April, which carried into the sea a mile of yam fields, trees and rocks. It began in the night, after a hurricane and tempest, and in the morning trees were seen standing upright and moving towards the ocean.

As Albert Pomeroy, of Pembroke, Me., was hunting in the woods, he fell in with a little girl, Maria Phipps, aged 8 years, who was in search of a cow; whilst conversing with her his gun accidentally went off, and its contents lodged in her groin. She was conveyed home, and in seven hours expired.



**Cattle Show and Fair.**  
The Oxford County Cattle Show will be held at Wat-  
terford Flat, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 21st and  
22nd of October next, commencing at ten o'clock A. M.  
of Wednesday.

able to duty -- and that of these 2370 paid this remarkable sum of \$100,000,000. Of these 2370, 1000 were paid valorous duty, only 100 paid specific duties, and the remainder were free, nearly four-fifths of the articles requiring no valorous duties, to a little more than one-fifth requiring

In Bangor, Mrs. Mary P. Catlett Me A. D. C. Jr. 19

backings, or claim any of his earnings after this date.  
 JAMES E. MITCHELL.  
 Agent—Jonas Greehe.  
 Byes, September 24th, 1896. 5. 20

**\$1000** In payment of arrearages for the  
Democratic Advertising, see



